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SILENT WAKENINGS.

REV. THERON BROWN.

The power that plunders death
 Moves not in thunders,
 In fires, or floods, or whirlwinds' breath;
 God hath His silent servants, too,
 And chooses silent ways to do
 His grandest wonders.

Through all the realm of sleep
 Coming and going,
 His noiseless angels of the Deep
 Tend hidden gardens, where lost flowers
 Lie wintered—for another hour's
 Budding and blowing.

And with unceasing hand,
 Gently and slowly,
 They build from that dim netherland
 The dust of beauty, grain by grain,
 And life's stained ruins lift again
 Deathless and holy.

They know the shrouded prize
 Each grave encloses
 Since Abel's burial; their calm eyes
 Watched dying Moses' secret bed,
 And saw the thorns on Jesus' head
 Blossom with roses.

And when the Last Trump stirs
 The realm and throne
 Of Death, those same mute ministers
 Of power, I love to think, will bear
 The sound translated to God's sleepers there
 In softer tone.

And the cold tribes who lie
 'Neath sod and billow
 Will hear as low that pealing cry,
 As sigh of breeze, or thrill of bird,
 Or music of love's murmured word,
 By infant's pillow.

No crash of breaking bars,
 No hurrying strife
 Of feet,—but still as come the stars,
 Or the green leaves of May, shall be
 Their rising whom the Lord sets free
 To endless life.

—The Watchman.

WILLIAM WINTER ON CRITICISM.

In 1854, when, as a boy, I had the honor and the privilege often to sit by the fireside of the poet Longfellow, and to enjoy the benefit of his affectionate good-will and his wise and kindly talk, I learned this lesson from his lips: "It is the province of the poet to give pleasure; it is the province of the critic to give pain. I never read adverse criticisms. Scores of articles are sent to me about my works. If a review is pleasant in tone at the beginning, I read it through; but if I perceive that the intention is to wound, I drop the thing into my fire, and that is the end of it. In this way one avoids useless pain. *Never tread attacks on yourself, and never answer them.*" That wise counsel was not lost on me, and it has never been

forgotten. I little thought in those days of golden drift and dream that I should ever become a toiler in the field of criticism. But, looking backward upon critical labors, extending through many toilsome years, I can with a clear conscience declare that I have never assailed anything that I did not believe was an injury and a wrong to the public; that I have never aimed a blow at reputation, or intentionally wounded a human heart, or said one word about anybody, of which I was not at all times ready and eager to bear the personal responsibility. Often and often, remembering the words of my honored and beloved counsellor and friend—that "it is the province of the critic to give pain"—I have resolved that it should, on the contrary, be the business of my criticism to give pleasure by affording just and kindly recognition, and to do good by stimulating public interest in noble things. My method has been to endeavor to augment public sympathy with men, whenever I saw that they were engaged in pure and high and worthy works. Criticism, however, should be written for the public and not for the artist; and when I say that the artist is wise to leave it unread, I do so because I conceive for him, in the conduct of his life, an ideal that far transcends all consideration of the press—an ideal that makes his own conscience to be his tribunal, his love of art to be his inspiring impulse and sustaining cheer, and his sense of well-doing to be his sufficient reward. Humble and gentle, certainly, the true servant of art will ever be. But let him also be self-reliant when the emergency comes, proud in his conscious power, and satisfied in the knowledge that he has done his best. Do not leave the question of excellence to be settled by commentators. Settle it yourself. Nothing can be more petty and puny than the custom of running after newspapers to catch an echo of everything you say and do. Appreciation, in the broad and grand sense of that word, is the one thing not to be expected, because it is the one thing that almost never comes. How many human souls do you really comprehend? How many do you suppose really comprehend you? Each of us is alone. But for each of us there is refuge, comfort, sympathy, hope, the divine blessing of beauty and the sublime power of patience in the service and the companionship of Art.

"For she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of common life
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings."

—Harper's Weekly.

Lord Mayor Whitehead of London, at the farewell banquet to Minister Phelps, said the two nations have set an example to the other countries of the world. I hope they have, as they appear to have, determined for all time, that in the event of any disputes, arising between the two countries, those disputes shall be referred in a gentleman-like and Christian-like spirit to a disinterested party who shall adjudicate upon them. This utterance is worthy of a man descended from George Whitehead, who was the contemporary and associate of William Penn. —Arbitrator.